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Integral Yoga

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This issue is dedicated to our Beloved Gurudev Sri Swami Satchidananda in honor of His 60th Jayanthi

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JAYANTHI MESSAGE

December 22 of each year is the Jayanthi or birthday of Sri Swami Satchidananda. On these occasions, there is always a

celebration by his devotees, and a message by Sri Swamiji. The following is his message on one of these occasions.

Beloved friends, today you have come here to give me an opportunity to thank you all. This is a birthday celebration for you and a thanksgiving day for me. This is only an excuse; in the name of birthday celebration of an individual, we have come together to praise the sacred science of Yoga. It is that Yoga that has brought us together and that will keep us together always. In all ways. There is a joy in being together, in living together, in talking together, and in thinking together. And this is the need of the hour. We have faced, we are facing, the terrible consequences of having lived apart, of having talked in terms of differences, and of having divided man and man, in all possible ways. We have divided in the name of caste, creed, color, race, religion, country, language. By such division where are we now? We are facing a great crisis. We have been sent into this world to live together, to enjoy the world, to make use of the great potentiality of nature. But because of these differences, we are making use of this very nature for our own destruction. And the whole world has understood the danger of it. That's why we are together. Everyone knows there is no other way to find peace and harmony except raising above all these man-made differences, realizing the oneness of the spirit.

This is not the only time the world is facing such a crisis. Many a time in the past it has faced such situations. Always at such times, somehow, through something or through somebody, nature

itself provides us with the proper lesson. And Yoga today has taken up that place. In the name of Yoga, people are coming together, to think of something good. In that name, we are seeing people come together from all over the world, to lead such yogic lives. And so we are really celebrating the dawn of such an era. That is the birthday.

So let us not think we are here to celebrate the birthday of one individual. Even if you take it to be so, I would tell you that it is not true. All these people who say it is Swamiji's birthday are not correct. Swami Satchidananda was never born on this day. It is the day when the body came into existence, into this world. To the spirit there is no birth and no death. The moment we realize that, we can celebrate the birthday of that realization.

Otherwise what is the idea of celebrating? Why should we celebrate Christmas? It's all over, past. Where should Christ take birth? In our hearts. Hannukah; why should there be the lights? It is just an altar somewhere, a candle? That's only an external symbol; there must be light within. What is the New Year? The moment you step into a new life. Otherwise, January 1st will have the same twenty-four hours as December 31st.

So may such a great day be born very soon. May the entire world, not only the humanity, all the animate and inanimate, feel that oneness in spirituality, come together, and live together. That is my sincere wish to you all. Thank you so much.

LETTERS

We received the following letter from a woman, and friend, who stayed at the Ashram as our guest this past summer.

Dear Amma:

I arrived home safely. In fact Gambe, my room-mate there, drove me right to my door. Such kindness and consideration I received from you all can never be repaid.

I want to thank you for the brief and to-the-point conversation we had at the picnic. Today I feel closer to myself and to Swamiji. Truly God is showing me the way one step at a time.

Give my warmest regards and love to Swamiji. May love and peace be with you until I see you again.

Rheva

Also this past summer we had some special guests at the Ashram for a weekend. They were a group of retarded patients from the Kings County State School, together with the staff who accompanied them. It was a joy to have them, and we thank them for the beautiful opportunity of serving them.

Dear Friends,

I wanted to take this opportunity to thank you for helping to make our over-

night trip a success. It was the kind of experience which is hard to write about or to measure. We shared many good feelings, new experiences, and had the opportunity to get to know our residents as people, sharing the bond of humanity. We sang, danced, ate, slept, laughed, and talked together. We took walks in the woods, collected flowers and berries, went swimming in a lake, saw a puppet show, went out for ice cream and a night ride on dark silent country roads, walked through the early morning dew-covered grass, relaxed in a Hatha Yoga class, ate new kinds of foods with different smells and textures, celebrated the birthdays of all Leos, and enjoyed the space and freedom to be.

I know that there are tons and tons of documents to attest to the results of institutional living, and perhaps a page somewhere expressing an experience like ours. We all know about institutions; what we don't know about is what happens when people have the chance to be in a completely different environment. We found out a little about what happens...it is good, it is hopeful...it matters. Thank you again for the experience.

Sincerely,

Nadine Miller

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the guru of the world

* A talk by Swami Satchidananda on the occasion of the Jayanthi (birthday) of his own master, Sri Swami Sivananda.

Beloved friends, I am extremely delighted to see you all gathered here, to have a celebration in the name of my Master, Sri Gurudev Swami Sivananda, a saint of our age who lived in the midst of us until 1963. Many times we come across miracles happening, but many times we miss the miracles, to see them as miracles. In Master Swami Sivananda's case, you see such a miracle which is not presented as a miracle. To a common man it might appear something normal. But in his case the miracle is something unique. He spent his life serving the entire humanity, irrespective of caste, creed, race, religion, color, country, or sex. He was called a *Jagat Guru* — the Guru of the World — an appropriate term to call him. Without moving any further than India and Ceylon, he reached so many people. He lived mostly in the Himalayas, in a place known as Rishikesh, which means Abode of the Rishis, the sages and saints. For many years he never went out, he was just sitting there, but he sent out his spiritual vibrations to all corners of the globe.

Thousands and thousands of people came across his teachings, mainly through his hundreds of books. His words are very simple, even an ordinary schoolboy can easily understand his works. In that way, the highest philosophical truths have been given very simply so that anyone can understand them. He used to write as if he were talking to you personally. That's why, though he always remained in the Himalayas, he was able to send out his teachings all over.

His ashram was a miracle. Things

just happened, nobody knew how. He just went and stayed in a small cowshed to begin with, and within a few years it grew up into a small township, which we call the Sivanandanagar. And everything grew up without any plan. There were always creditors, and there were always people around the ashram who gave the ashram loans, by way of material. There was never a proper bank balance in the ashram, there was never a budget. The ashram was always in debt, and with all that he used to send his books free, thousands of rupees worth, hundreds of thousands; nobody knew where he got the money to send those books. One morning we would be thinking of starving for want of food in the kitchen, but that very night cartloads of food, materials, would come in. At a particular time we thought that we would have to close the ashram because of the large amount of debt, and we were all getting ready to go out to lighten the burden of the ashram. The following morning, from somewhere, a devotee came, and he made a check just good enough to take care of the entire debt, so many thousands of rupees.

These are not even miracles, there are much more. Many disciples came from school and from other places as just raw hands, not all of them were talented; once brought into the ashram he made them really great men. There is a saying in the Bhagavad Gita: 'If his grace is there, nothing is impossible; the dumb can be eloquent, the lame can cross the hills.' By his grace nothing is impossible, we see this in his life. You need not go out to search for proof; I am here sitting in front of you as a proof. If I can come and do some work for you, that is the greatest miracle of Swami Sivanandaji.

He never went out you must remember. Once in his lifetime he went for a small tour all over India and Ceylon, just for two months, and that's all. And that through the great effort of some of his disciples. Otherwise he always used to say, 'Why go round? If the flower has

plenty of honey, should it send invitations to the bees? They will come by themselves.' Thus people came from all over the globe. And his teachings – very simple, no secret. He never denied anything. He accepted everything. His way is called *Poornayoga*, *Integral Yoga*. Now we hear a lot of talk about ecumenism; Swami Sivananda is an embodiment of that spirit. If you have seen his pictures you might wonder who he is; sometimes you see him with a nice Muslim cap, sometimes with a hat, you can see him with a tennis racket in his hand, you can see him with a beautiful cross adorning his broad chest. He was everything; he was Buddhist, Christian, Muslim, Jew. And not only in the religious work; he was a doctor, he was a playmate, he was everything. There was a uniqueness in him.

I still remember a few wrestlers who visited the ashram once. They wanted to show their talent, so we created a nice arena for them, and they were demonstrating their talents. All of a sudden we saw another wrestler jump into the arena. He actually pulled out his cloth, just tucked his dhoti around, and jumped into the arena; 'Come on!' You can just imagine a Swami doing this! With the children he used to play like a child. He used to go sit in the swing. He used to play with them the Spoon and Potato Race. You know the Spoon and Potato Race? We still have pictures of him biting a spoon and holding a potato on the spoon and running. He was a mixture of everything; he accepted everything. That is the secret of why everybody felt at home, and by his mysterious and miraculous touch he was able to lift people up.

One day, a young man came to the ashram. He was the son of a well-known musician who used to play the flute. So immediately Swamiji said, 'Oh, I know your father, he is a great musician; you too must be knowing something, come on, play a little.'

'Well, Swami, I don't know much, I have a pipe, but I don't know...'

'No, no, come on, you must play.' Immediately he was asked to come and play. But even before playing, Swamiji said, 'Hey, you must be tired, drink a cup of hot milk; have some fruits.' And he is a musician, so he must learn about music. Swamiji wrote several books about music – *Sankirtan Yoga*, *Bhajan and Music and Yoga*, and more. So he said, 'Give this man all the books I wrote about music.'

'Swami, I can't read them.'

'Oh, don't worry, you will read one day. Do you practice Yoga?'

'Uh, I know a little bit of shoulder-

'Oh, that is enough. That is the great Yoga. Shoulderstand is the biggest practice. Come on, bring all the Hatha Yoga books to him.' Immediately he got a bundle of books. He hasn't even started playing

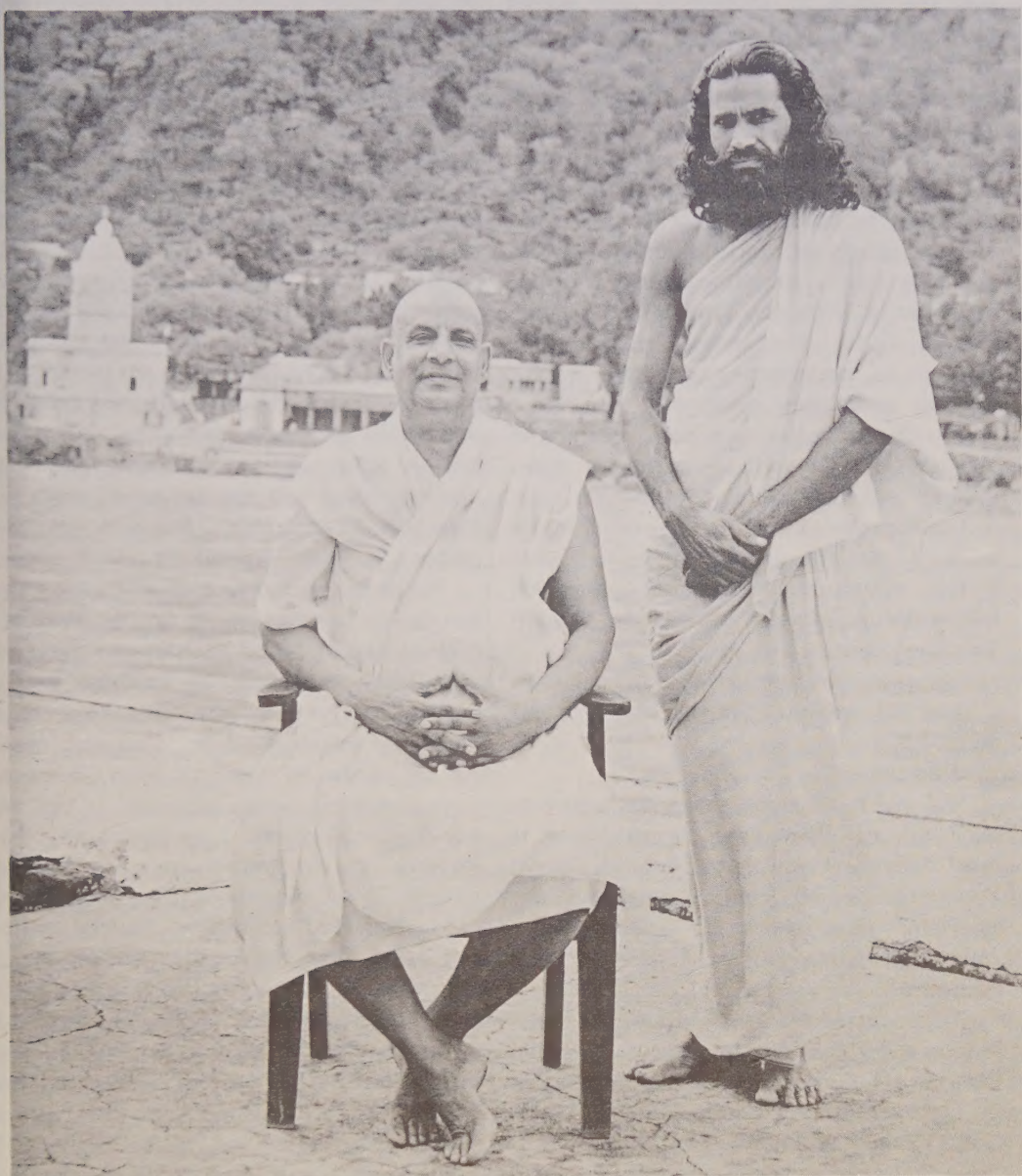
Then he started playing. Well, no one could relish the music he played. It was so absurd. Nobody could enjoy it. I even saw most of the people closing their ears. But Swamiji enjoyed it. 'Wonderful! Wonderful! How nice it is, how good!' He even had a form there, ready to give titles. He wrote in the titles. 'I'm giving you the title of *Sankirtan Yogi*. See?' We were all wondering, 'What is this, Swamiji? Your title will be meaningless.'

'Shh, don't worry,' he said. 'Give it to him because he plays so wonderfully.'

The man himself said, 'Swami, what are you telling me this? Are you really appreciating me? I didn't play anything.'

Swamiji insisted, 'Probably to you you didn't. You know, when you do something, you don't appreciate it, but we can appreciate it. I see a great musician in you. How can you be otherwise? A tiger cub cannot be a kitten. Are you not the son of So-and-so? Come on. When you come again, play. I will be waiting for you to play again.'

The man bowed down and went back. And the following year the same man returned as a real musician, an exponent of that instrument, to play beautifully. He said, 'Swami, I don't know. I never



practiced specially. But you said that I will come next year and play. I am here. I am happy with the music I am playing, to my surprise.'

That is his way. Teaching need not be always through books. Many people think that the Master should sit in the classroom and give a textbook, questionnaires, exams. It's not necessary; the ancient teachers never did it, particularly in the forest. You just live with them and

learn from their examples. You may not know when you will get some advice. If he sees you carrying a bundle of cloth, he might take that excuse to tell you how to wash it. And from that everything will follow: how to wash your body, how to wash your mind, how to make it clean and calm, the entire physical and mental and spiritual laundry business will be there. That is Swamiji's way. He is a modern saint. He always taught us to

see the good in everything and accept it. That is why his teachings are accepted by one and all. And he always wanted an individual to develop harmoniously, not a one-sided development. The physical, the vital, the mental, and the spiritual. So he would sing a song, the Song of Little, in which he says to do a little of everything: eat a little, drink a little, sleep a little, practice asana a little, pranayama a little, do japa a little, meditate a little. The golden middle path, don't go to the extremes. He never wanted anybody to be very rigorous.

I still remember one day, one winter evening, I was sitting near the River Ganges and meditating. I forgot the time, it became almost dark, very chilly in the winter in the Himalayas. All of a sudden I felt somebody touching my shoulder, lifting me up. I looked back to see Swamiji standing there.

'Swamiji, why are you-?'

'Get up, get up, get up. What are you doing here?'

'Meditating.'

'All right, all right, don't go to heaven once for all. What kind of meditation is this? Don't you see that it is chilly here? You might catch cold. Your mind may meditate; what about the body? If you want to meditate go into a room, sit and meditate.'

He never wanted us to torture the body; at the same time not to pamper the body. Give it its due, give it proper attention. Do not overindulge in things. For instance, Hatha Yoga; he talked a lot about Hatha Yoga, but still he knew the limit. He never asked us to practice the headstand for half an hour or pranayama for an hour.

A little of everything: asana, pranayama, japa, meditation. Above all, show it in your life. See God in everybody, serve everybody; all the teachings should be put into your daily life. He used to say, by developing your physical strength, or attaining certain powers, don't think that you are going to be a Yogi. Suppose somebody comes and spits at your face,

do you smile at him? If you cannot, you are not a Yogi. Bear insult, bear injury that is the highest practice. The highest spiritual practice is to bear insult and injury. Accept things equally, that's what the Gita says: praise and censure, pleasure and pain, profit and loss; try to keep up the equanimity all through. And to keep up the equanimity you have to face the duality. Unless you face the pleasure and pain, how can you learn to keep up the equanimity? And that cannot be practiced in a cave, because there is no opportunity for you to face the pleasure and pain. So the world is where we learn the equanimity. When you are praised, don't get excited; when you are censured, don't get dejected. That is Yoga. Because your real nature is that equanimity, that peace.

Peace is your true nature. God created you in his own image. So God is peaceful. God is healthy, God is happy. If you are His image you must be healthy, happy, peaceful. That is why all these other terms are negative: 'I am diseased.' What do you mean by that? 'I lost my ease.' Your nature is ease, you lost it, so you say I am dis-eased, I am rest-less. Why? Resting is your nature, you lost it. Even to say, 'I am disturbed,' you should have an undisturbed condition; otherwise how can you get disturbed? Knowingly or unknowingly you accept that undisturbed ease, that healthy, peaceful condition as yours. So that ease and peace is your true nature. That is the image of God. So the Yoga teachings ask you not to disturb that ease and peace, not to do anything that will disturb it. If your diet is going to disturb that ease, to bring disease, take care of it. If your daily movements, if your associations are going to disturb you, take care of the associations. Keep the proper company which will not disturb you. So in the name of spiritual practice we are not going to achieve something new. We have it already. All that we should do is not disturb it, not lose what we have, or what we are.

That is the aim of Yoga, or the aim

of religion; all the religions ultimately teach the same thing. It is similar to the proverb, 'All roads lead to Rome.' All the religions lead to home. Because there is only one home. Very often I say there is OM in HOME. And HE is on either side of OM, to make the HOME. That is our true home, and there lives our father. And we are all the children. There are not many fathers, only one, so we are all His children. That means we are all brothers and sisters, whether we are black, white, Australian, American, whatever be the race, whatever be the religion, whatever be the color. It is that unity which is called for in the name of Yoga. So Yoga is nothing new to the West; what the West was calling and is calling union, or communion, is Yoga. But what is that communion? Where do we get it? Is it only with God? Is it only in the church that we get the communion? If you are going to get the communion only in the church, only with God, it is of no use to you. The real communion is to have it with everybody, with everything. If you cannot have communion with your neighbors, with the things around you, you can't have communion with God. God is not something different from all these things. You should have communion with your own table and chair. If you pull your chair it cries. Be gentle in putting it in place. You can communicate with your dishes when you wash them. You can communicate with everything. That is Yoga.

Be nice, be gentle, be loving to everything, to everybody. Don't think you must love only the human beings. You can love your cup as you love your lip. That is Yoga, that is Integral Yoga. Integral Yoga means to apply Yoga everywhere, every minute, all through the twenty-four hours. That is the great gift of my Master Swami Sivananda. And that is why I am very happy to have gathered here to remember his great teachings. The birthday is only an excuse. Yes, we must have some sort of excuse, because a holy man has no birth day and death day. It is only the

body that takes birth, and then is no more. The spirit is always there; it has no birth and death. 'I was never born, I will never die,' says the Bhagavad Gita. So where is the birthday? It is just an excuse.

In that excuse, by praising him, what do we praise? We don't praise his money or this or that. We talk of his wisdom. The more you talk of the wisdom of a man, the more you get it. That is why we should always talk good of others. The more you talk good of others, the more you become good, because you dwell in that. If you talk about the evil qualities of the other person, ultimately you will become that, because as you think, so you become. Not that the scriptures or sages and saints ask you to spare him from telling all his bad qualities; you need not spare that fellow, but spare yourself. If you constantly talk ill of others, you are dwelling in those qualities. Ultimately you become that. So it is for your own sake that you should talk good of others. Even if there is ninety percent of bad, there will be ten percent of good.

Nobody is one hundred percent good. It is always a matter of percentage. Maybe one is ninety percent good, ten percent bad; the other one ninety percent bad, ten percent good. It's only a matter of degree. So think of the good and you will be benefited. And not only you; when you talk good of him, slowly even a bad man will become good, because everybody appreciates. He will live up to that. So always see the good, praise him. That is the best way to lift him up. That is a living Yoga, and that is the reason we come together to talk about the great wisdom of the sages and saints.

So may this day bring a pure truth to be followed in our lives to make us a little better. May the great blessings of all the great Masters be upon us and guide us to lead a perfect life with all health and happiness. With this wish have a good night. Thank you.

Om shanthi shanthi shanthi

Mother & Daughter *meeting in Yoga*

Should parents be concerned when their son or daughter becomes interested in studying Yoga? I know that many young people are now becoming involved, and I know that their parents must be concerned about it. I hope that my own experience will help to answer that concern.

It was a memorable night for me when I first met Swami Satchidananda. I had heard of him because of his general renown as the founder-director of the Integral Yoga Institutes. But much closer to home, I had heard about him because of my own daughter's involvement — about which I had mixed feelings. And then, one evening, he came to Dallas to give a talk. At my daughter's invitation, I attended.

I was impressed, but only to the degree that it was just another sermon. However, afterwards, I met him face to face. The spirituality of the man reached in to me, and I understood why he has such a large following.

'These are my parents,' my 20-year-old said. I didn't know whether to shake hands or not with this holy man, but he offered his hand warmly. I said, 'Your speech was beautiful. Come back to our city often.' He replied: 'You have a beautiful daughter. Are you happy with her interest in Yoga?' I smiled and murmured something indistinguishable to cover up my uncertainty. He looked my daughter straight in the eye: 'Only when you do things beautiful in your parents' eyes, are you beautiful in God's eyes. Remember, you are part of their flesh, and always will be.'

I felt truly in the presence of a religious man. He reached my heart at its most vulnerable moment. After he left, I asked my daughter, 'Would you like to have some tea?' 'Fine,' and she and her Dad and I went to a nearby restaurant and, although none of us had tea, we sat and there was a warmth and closeness that had not been there in a long time.

Mr. and Mrs. Ornish with Sri Swamiji.



Photo: Dean Ornish

My point is: I feel religious leaders, especially youth directors (at least as far as the Jewish faith is concerned), can take a lesson from Swami. Here is a man whose main devotees are youth. Here is a man who was flown into Woodstock by helicopter, to lead the youth in chanting and prayer. Why does he succeed in reaching our youth?

Perhaps a comparison of his sermon and one I recently heard will shed a bit of light.

I attended a Bar Mitzvah at a very large temple. The Rabbi — who was in his 20's and Youth Director of the temple — keyed his sermon to the idea that the ten plagues endured in the days of Moses were not half so bad as the plagues the youth of today have inherited: pollution, Vietnam, segregation, etc. And the reason for these plagues allegedly was that the parents had not done their duty and had been remiss. It was more than an accusation. It was an indictment and total condemnation.

My encounters with orthodox sermons have been similar. The faults of today's youths are the result of the parents not keeping kosher. (Again, the parents are to blame.) Great emphasis is placed on Israel. While this is important — for if the U.S. does not give support, who will! — in some cases, religious leaders feel Israel is the beginning and end of religion. By ignoring our youth's deep-seated need for a personal religion, they have committed a sin of omission. I have every confidence Israel will make it in the long history, but unless some about-face is made with the youth of the U.S.A., my predictions for them are not so sure.

But I feel the about-face will come, because it must. I believe that day will not be too far off. I believe Rabbis will not teach kids that to demonstrate is more important than their own personal conduct. To live in today's world is like being in a car moving at high speed. If we watch the road and never lose sight of the Ten Commandments, we'll get there. But if we let things distract us, we shall inevitably be in a wreck.

Here was Swami, teaching to 'honor thy parents.' He was teaching non-violence and non-protest, while at one of the temples posters for a protest march were being constructed under the Rabbi's supervision.

In Swami's speech, he said, 'A cigarette says, 'I am your master.' It laughs at us. If we can't live without a thing, are we really free? You are free if you are not a slave to anything.' In my experience, I have not heard a synagogue's Education Director condemn smoking, which kills millions more persons each year than does consumption of pork.

Swami talked about drugs to the audience, which was composed of many former drug takers. 'How can a polluted man save a polluted world?' he charged. He alluded to the first commandment, to not being in any kind of bondage. This technique of equating drugs or tobacco dependency to bondage was logical to me.

Parents and teachers will all have to update their thinking. The need for a personal religion must be one of the highlights of this re-evaluation. Those who try to manipulate youth to make crusaders for a new social order out of them do so at the risk of replacing Judaism with a new kind of religion. Possibly it is for this reason youth turn to other spiritual leaders to supply their spiritual needs.

Jewish parents — and those of other denominations — must realize that although Yoga is religious, it is not a religion. Unlike proselytizing sects, it can complement a devotee's existing religion, without the devotee's forsaking anything except his old bad habits.

The answer is in religion, but many do not see it. It is in pure religion — which we have diluted and homogenized and added preservatives and chemicals. Let's leave off for a while as moral issues, things that are really political issues: the Far East, the Middle East, etc. Let's not be distracted by looking only in compass directions. Let's look inward and upward — and see God.

Natalie Ornish

A Christmas Story

Dear Swamiji,

I would like to pass on to you a true story, offering it to you as a Christmas present.

Naturally, Swamiji, I trust you will understand that, as much as I would love to, I cannot write stories about famous people – for the simple reason that ordinary folks have as great a chance of keeping company with Saints and Sages as they have of meeting the mighty thinkers. However, taking into account the fact that acts of true altruism are rare, perhaps you will agree that the stories of ordinary people whose lives are pure examples should also be presented to others, in the same manner as is done for the great names of this world.

In this case, the man in question was definitely a nobody, with no label whatsoever, with nothing major about him, least of all his name – Christian name believed to be Henri – the smallest of the small, with only one promotion above the unknown beggar in the street, a man with the greatest handicap of all: he was blind. He sold lottery tickets at the entrance of a cinema in Brussels. But there his influence was great as, despite all these setbacks, he was – unquestionably – a Teacher.

It was he who inspired our friend Andre, an ordinary working man, to refuse payment for a job he did for us in September – painting our house – because he had heard that we could not find a professional man.

On the day the work was finished, pausing for our mid-morning cup of coffee, Andre looked contentedly at his work and reported that the paint was drying.

'Yes,' I said, 'the job is done and well done. And now, please, tell us how much we owe you.'

Whenever we had broached the subject

before, Andre had always looked uneasy and now – I confess – I began to get a bit anxious. Suspiciously, I thought that he was probably planning to charge us more than we would have had to pay had we managed to find a professional painter and, with the work completed, I decided to straighten out the question of price without further delay.

'Come on!' I urged. 'How much? We are really getting worried about all this putting-off. On the other hand, we also want you to know that we don't expect you to work for nothing!'

'That's just it,' he muttered, looking somewhat embarrassed. 'You see, I don't want any payment for it because I have enjoyed doing it and also because I have recently made the decision never to accept money for little jobs performed for friends. Oh, it's something I can't very well explain,' he concluded lamely.

Knowing his circumstances – working for the State and this, in Belgium, always means a poorly paid job – it was my turn to feel ill at ease. Painting the house was definitely not 'a little job'! It had taken him over two weeks to complete it; in fact, he had given up his annual vacation for it.

What kind of nonsense is this, I wondered. And we talked and argued the matter for what seemed hours...but stub-



bornly, Andre kept repeating: 'No, no and NO!'

We finally made our own estimation of the cost and wrote out a cheque which I tried to push into his hands, but shrugging his shoulders and shaking his head, he simply stated that it was a silly thing to do.

'I'll never go to a bank to cash it, so what's the use?' he smiled. 'Frankly, I don't even know how that works with cheques.' All I could do was stare at him! Honestly, Swamiji, never before in my life had I come across a man who did not know how to cash a cheque! What a strange specimen, I thought, and what a curious situation! I who had worried about being overcharged was now fighting to make him accept his due! Still, what annoyed me most, I must say, was the fact that he would not explain WHY!

'Well!' he sighed at last, 'it's quite a story and, although I may be a good carpenter – or painter in this case – I am definitely not a good story-teller.'

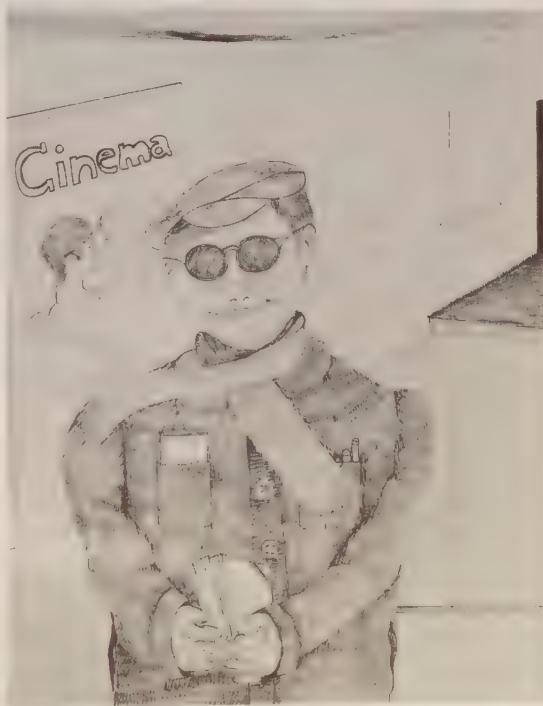
'Then for heaven's sake, say it badly,' I shouted in exasperation, 'but say it as I am dying now to have an explanation.'

And that's how, with simple words, Andre, a simple man, told me a simple but moving story.

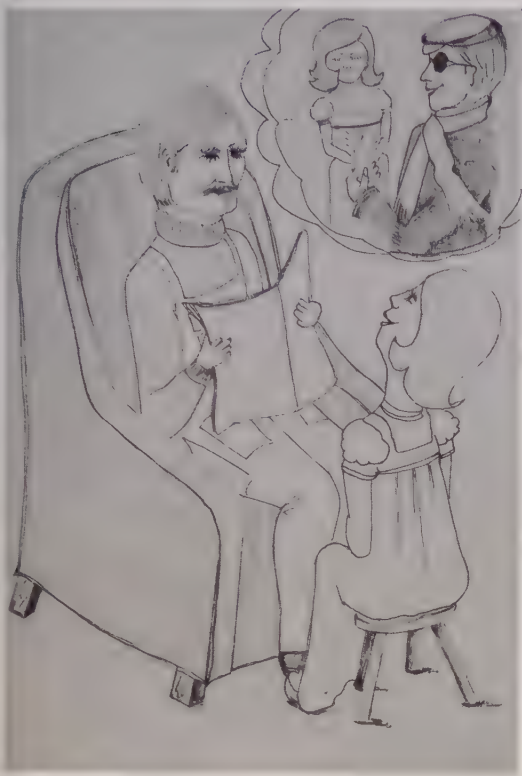
His fourteen-year-old daughter Liliane, like all teenagers, fond of variety in clothes, had, in order to make some money, worked in Etam's (a ladies' clothing store) during her two weeks of Christmas vacation. Right opposite the shop, from morning till night, stood a little blind man selling lottery tickets. (The girls in the shop called him Henri, but whether this was his Christian name or just a nickname, Andre couldn't say.) Henri was liked by the whole of the personnel – even by the snobbish ones, Liliane had told her father. Now, such people earn only a few cents on each ticket sold and, as can be imagined, he was dressed accordingly, in a much too large suit, a woollen scarf, a little cap and felt slippers. No shoes. No overcoat. Liliane used to shiver when-

ever she happened to glance at him out of the windows of the overheated shop. But she soon noticed, said Andre, that there was something unusual about him: his laughter.

'He laughs just like a child,' she used to tell her father, 'and the strangest thing is that he laughs all the time!' Henri laughed while shouting: 'C'est demain le tirage!' (Tomorrow is the day of the draw) and he laughed while selling the tickets and it was always with laughter in his voice – she reported – that he used to talk to his customers. For he had his own regular customers. In fact, he was so well known that he was almost never alone. To the girls in the shop Henri was a kind of mascot but Liliane, being the youngest, was the one in charge of warming up his soup at lunch-time – he brought his own – or making the afternoon coffee for them all which he was always invited to share with them. Henri loved Liliane and Liliane loved Henri and together they talked and joked and laughed endlessly. The language they spoke was of course mainly the language



Drawing: Saraswati



Henri promised he'd think it over as of course he could not tell her straight away what he might possibly wish to receive as a present. When she pressed him again the next day, he told her that well, yes, he had reflected on it and that there was something he had always wanted and never been able to afford...a box of chocolates for his wife and, he added a little hesitantly, 'perhaps a tiny box of cigarillos for myself as I have often wondered what such luxuries taste like.' Both articles of course were beyond his means and, although Henri admitted that he did sometimes earn more than was necessary to cover their bare needs, he and his wife then bought branches with his excess income in order to make wick-erware – the proceeds of the sales being given to the League for the Blind. He said it made them feel ever so good to think that small and handicapped as they were, they nevertheless fitted into society

and were even useful to the community. He and his wife agreed that that was far better than chocolates and cigarillos.

So, the next day – it was a rather cold and overcast day – Liliane presented him with a kilo of the best chocolates on the market and a super-large box of cigarillos. Henri was so absurdly pleased, so full of gratitude, that quite a few tears were furtively wiped away by the girls from the shop who were present. Henri could just imagine, he said, his wife's delight that evening and he himself, he added, looked forward to his quiet smoke at home.

(Swamiji! Don't you frown like that! Yes, I know! As a Yogi specializing in desirelessness, you are no doubt surprised and quite shocked at poor Henri having thought of himself at all. What's more, you probably think that those cigarillos spoil the story now. Well, I did too! And you'll never guess how tempted I was to keep quiet about them. Until, suddenly and clearly, I realized that his wish was, in fact, rather a healthy one – psychologically speaking that is – as otherwise one might begin to suspect – might one not?' – that his halo was getting just a wee bit too tight for his head!)

'Isn't this a perfect day?' smiled Henri happily.

'Oh! Henri, no, it's so grey and miserable today,' contradicted Liliane, feeling ever so sorry for this unfortunate man unable in his blindness to realize how dismal our weather could be.

'Really, Liliane?' he murmured, looking somewhat puzzled. 'Strange! Now, I could have sworn it was a glorious day today because the sun shines so brightly in my heart.' (Swamiji, honestly, I'm not making this up! It's Andre who told me that the little blind man actually had a built-in sun of his own! Can you imagine?) And right then, as he said the words, Liliane told her father, the sun, the real sun outside, suddenly appeared through the clouds, illuminating the sky, and it was exactly as Henri had believed it to be: a beautiful and sunny day. For all.

Two Poems in the Passage of the Spirit

In each of us who is aspiring, there appears to be a force or obstruction that resists our efforts. When we seek to rise in spirit, nature itself poses the obstacles to our progress. Perplexed by the nature of this inner struggle, we may question the very goal that we seek. Perhaps there are two, and not one, we may reason. To this and all our questioning, the sage gently but firmly replies, 'Not Two - One.'

THE OBSTACLE

You must pass this way again,
And I must wait for your return
For I've a lesson still to teach
And you've a lesson yet to learn.

Until I'm certain of your aim
I can't allow of you to go
Along this narrow path, but must
Hurl you to the dust below.

And you cannot remain as dust
But must rise up again at length
And try again until in trust
You find my purpose and your strength.

For I am Light upon the Way
And you as shadow cannot enter
And therein lies the secret day:
The Fire burning at the hidden center.

FREEDOM

You need not pass this way again
I needn't wait for your return
For the candle in your heart is lit
And in its flame you now can burn.

The fire slept within the wood
The diamond in the piece of coal
And in the flesh the spirit stood
As nature yearning to unfold.

Now that my purpose is your aim
All doubt and fear shall this day pass.
Father and Son are One, the same,
So ends all question of first and last.

And I am Light and Life and Will
Burning bright with one desire:
To burn bright and brighter still
As sacrifice to the sacred Fire.

GIVE ALL YOUR LIFE

It was in 1954, in my country Nicaragua, that I first became acquainted with Yoga. Up to that time my God-hungry nature had been nourished only by the Catholic convents I was educated in. In them I found the inspiration befitting the higher aspirations of my young yearning soul. Outside the convent the life surrounding me was one of worldly glimmer, power and adulation. My two worlds hardly ever met. Although the one outside provided me in many ways with a sense of satisfaction, I was the happiest in school. It was my refuge, a terrarium so to speak, in which the proper elements combined to provide the proper atmosphere to germinate and survive. Although terms like 'Heaven, a place of eternal reward,' 'Hell, a place of eternal punishment,' always irritated me a little, something in me must have understood beyond the words, because generally I found nothing to rebel against. I felt naturally that Heaven and Hell were both states of mind. I remember writing this in some children's composition paper. The nun called me to her office, wanting to know exactly what I meant. When I expressed my feelings to her she was very quiet for a moment, then gently pulled me by the braid, held my head against her heart and sent me off without a word.

1954 is a memorable year because it was then that through a simple woman of Native-Indian origin I was introduced to the teachings of Serge Reynauld de la Ferriere, founder of the Universal Brotherhood, and started in the practices of Hatha Yoga and meditation. I never found any contradictions between the new practices and my Catholic background; there were only further explanations which brought about a wider understanding. (Of



course, to the immediate family I had become something of a heretic.)

A couple of weeks after starting with Yoga, I had a dream in which I saw Swamiji. The dream was very vivid, and I knew that he was my own. All the next day I would take time off to sit alone in order to relive that blessed dream. A few days later I had a second dream, similar to the first. These two dreams recurred time after time during the years to come. I did not even know that Swamiji was a person of this earth, but the reality of him was undeniable. I knew, so it seemed, everything about him: his hands, his face, his voice, even the difference between one eye and the other. The only difference with the person we see now is that in the dream he was dressed in white and his beard was just beginning to grey. I decided he was my guardian angel whom I was fortunate to be able to see in dreams, and guardian angel he was called until I saw him in the flesh 15 years later in New York City.

My association with the Universal Brotherhood was abruptly suspended due

to my sudden departure for Rome, where I was to live for several years. While living in Rome, I came across the book, *Autobiography Of A Yogi*. The book was not a book when I would hold it. It was the living spirit of that great Master Paramahansa Yogananda, to whose sweet inner presence I owe more than I will ever be able to describe. I immediately wrote to California and ordered the lessons which I religiously followed for many years. Throughout this time, life offered (in the worldly sense) not only all the opportunities that young girls of the same social standard could wish for, but those that young girls don't even dream of. There was little if anything I did not experience at that tender age. I dived into the whirlpool of joys and sorrows that make up our existence. The childish girl slowly died, giving way to the woman in me. But somehow, although life has not spared me any of its bitter-sweet touches, there was always an untouched part in me, hidden, invulnerable and supreme, which remained afloat over the moving waves of my existence. And I have always been aware of it.

I came to the United States in January of 1966 (a few months before Swamiji's first arrival here). Something had steadily taken shape within me which, with the strength of thunder, swept me away from Rome and brought me to New York seemingly against all logic. That was a period when all outward circumstances were topsy-turvy, uncertain, difficult. But my spiritual practices were very regular at the time. I was going deeper and deeper into them. I knew that the only thing to do was to be consistent with myself no matter what, and to be *real*. If I had to give my life in order to do so, at least I could die knowing I had honestly tried. I began praying to the Divine Mother to speak to me in a language I could understand. And so it was that on a Friday evening of March 1970 I walked into the Universalist Church in New York City to hear a lecture by Swami Satchidananda.

When I saw him I thought I had gone mad. Words cannot describe what possessed me. Among other things I was almost paralyzed with fear. There he was. It was not a dream any longer, but a materialized reality. I felt that all my previous experiences had only happened in order to bring me to that moment. My life had reached a peak, so to speak, where there was no going forwards or backwards or in any direction. And this filled me with fear. When the talk was over I almost ran out of the church. That night I could not sleep at all.

As the days went by the fear died away, replaced instead by an overwhelming desire to see him again. I went back to the church on the following Friday. That night I was able to gather the courage to go close to him. I bowed at his feet and introduced myself, asking him at the same time if it would be possible to see him privately. He said yes and asked me to telephone to make an appointment.

He was not ready when I arrived on the morning of our appointment. I had to wait for a while in his office. The room was modest and extremely simple, filled with an air of something I can only describe as *greatness*. When he came in his presence took over the entire room. He seemed gigantic and overwhelming, so obvious was his spiritual stature. I told him my story and stated my need for spiritual guidance. I told him I was putting my life in his hands. His countenance was grave and totally impersonal. The sweet human warmth he had previously shown in the church had disappeared. He left me alone with myself listening to my thoughts and words in awkward agony. After a long pause he said, 'You are a very hungry child, and your hunger is for God. I want you to know that I cannot give you God, nor can anyone else. God is within you. The only thing that I, and people like me, can do is to point out the way in which you can realize that God within.'

Speaking about spiritual practices (I

had told him what my daily routine was), he said, 'The important thing is to keep your peace. Only in peace can the God within become manifest. If any of your practices builds up tension in you, discontinue it. That peace should never be disturbed, even in the name of God, because the peace itself is God.' I then ventured to ask him a question about God Manifest, which is usually called Divine Mother. When he answered I felt as if I were being bathed with warm water, soaked from inside out. With this sensation everything in me relaxed. I was immersed in an ocean of Peace. I was finally at rest. I must have closed my eyes when this happened, because when I opened them again they were filled with tears. Swamiji was looking at me, his whole face lit with an unearthly smile, subtle and yet blinding like the strongest light. His eyes were universes of brilliant stars in which I comfortably lost myself. If love has a face, I know I saw it then. There was recognition, there was acceptance, there was trust. It was a royal welcome indeed. And I walked in. Gratitude invaded me and led me to his feet. He lifted my head with his two hands. As I looked up I saw his whole body

undulating in something that seemed waves of moving water. It wasn't solid at all. Not a word was said. I bent my head once more. He lifted it again with a firm grip and in the softest, most loving tones I have heard he said, 'Go in Peace, my child. I will do everything I can. I promise.' Right after this I went to my office. Two of my closest co-workers saw me come in and did not recognize me. Even my physical appearance had apparently changed.

During the time that followed I grew closer and closer to Swamiji. I slowly got involved with different projects and began dedicating all my free time to the Institute's interests. Finally I decided to ask Swamiji if I could dedicate my entire time to his work and change my life completely. Nothing else held any interest for me any longer. One afternoon I went to him with this request. He looked at me with a piercing glance and said, 'You mean to say you would be ready to come and live in the Institute?' I said yes. After a pause, he said, 'Is there anything, anything at all, that makes you feel uneasy?' I scrutinized myself to be able to be as sincere as I could. Yes, there was something.



With some difficulty I told him that during the lectures I had a hard time putting up with the smell of unclean bodies next to me. Uncleanliness in general was what bothered me most. He then said, 'What you see now is a miracle compared to the state many of them were in when they first met me four years ago. They are much better now in every way. At that time I had two close associates working with me. Two wonderful workers. At a certain point they decided to leave because they could not understand how I could live and be in the midst of what they referred to as 'pigs.' They said they could no longer take it and therefore had to leave. I told them, "Fine. Go. But I am staying." You see, these 'pigs' are my kids and I am here for them to take from me whatever they can.' As he spoke the last sentence his eyes filled with tears. I understood the extent of his dedication and once more the knowledge of pure love possessed me. Without hesitation I said to myself, 'If these "pigs" are his kids, these kids are my lot.' And that was that. I have never complained since. If there is anything I might not like, instead of complaining I try (in my own limited way) to do something about it.

Throughout these few years I have been blessed. Swamiji did not allow me to leave the U.N. until three years later in spite of my insistent requests. But he allowed me to travel with him and do some personal services for him even while I was holding a job outside. Working for him has been one of the greatest teachings of my life. After all my worldly experiences, executive positions, etc., when I started to serve him I realized I knew nothing. Not even how to answer a phone (at least so it seemed)! It has been, and is, a process of un-doism as Swamiji so charmingly puts it. Un-doing the old ways, and allowing the natural Self to shine forth. I have learned that what we do, or how good we are at it is not important. What is really important is how we do it, the attitude behind it.



Walking the road under Papa's guidance is not always easy. At least it has not been for me. But I have never been so full either. Ever since I was a child I have longed to be free and have intuitively known that the way to freedom is total love or surrender. Swamiji is showing me the way of this love. He rarely speaks to me of what I should or should not do. I rarely ask him any spiritual questions. The greatest lessons I have learned from him have been in silence, by his example, or by the experiences, easy or hard, that he puts me through. My awareness of life has increased to the point where sometimes I go about the day love-mad about everything and everyone. I have discovered that anyone and everyone is more important than me. What a blessed discovery! And the perfect example of this is Swamiji himself. His life is love, or service, in whatever form he can give it, without sparing himself. And he is a blessed, happy, peaceful man. When one looks at

him one sees the image of plenty. Is it not so?

Through his example and all he has nurtured in me, I have made up my own little motto, which is:—'Give all your life every moment of your life.' By doing this one opens the gates to freedom and peace. Using this little motto I see miracles performed every day. Sometimes when people come to me for counsel, for example, I don't know what to answer. Then I think that if Swamiji has put me here for this he must know what he is doing. I forget the person sitting in my chair and become aware only of Life. I say to myself, 'I am Life itself and this person will be filled with it. I have no intelligence, nothing else to give, so let all the life pour out to him, or her, straight out of this heart.' And so it happens. Most of the time I don't even remember what I have said. But Creation has taken place.

Swamiji is not a plan-maker. He certainly studies situations and plans ahead as the perfectly responsible person he is, but he never really cares about sticking to any fixed idea. If changes come along he accepts them with joy, as he considers himself totally in the service of Spirit. This attitude of his is now deeply rooted in my mind and soul. I have come to the knowledge that THAT is all, and that I depend on IT alone. This has renewed me and filled me with trust. It is Spirit's business to live through me, therefore let IT take care of everything. Sometime back I used to get anxious about certain situations, trying to foresee things and getting disappointed if they did not happen. I used to get anxious about my 'performance,' especially while working for Swamiji, because I thought I had to succeed in everything I did. I know now that I don't have to prove anything to anybody. I only have to be, and do the best I can, 'giving all my life' while doing it.

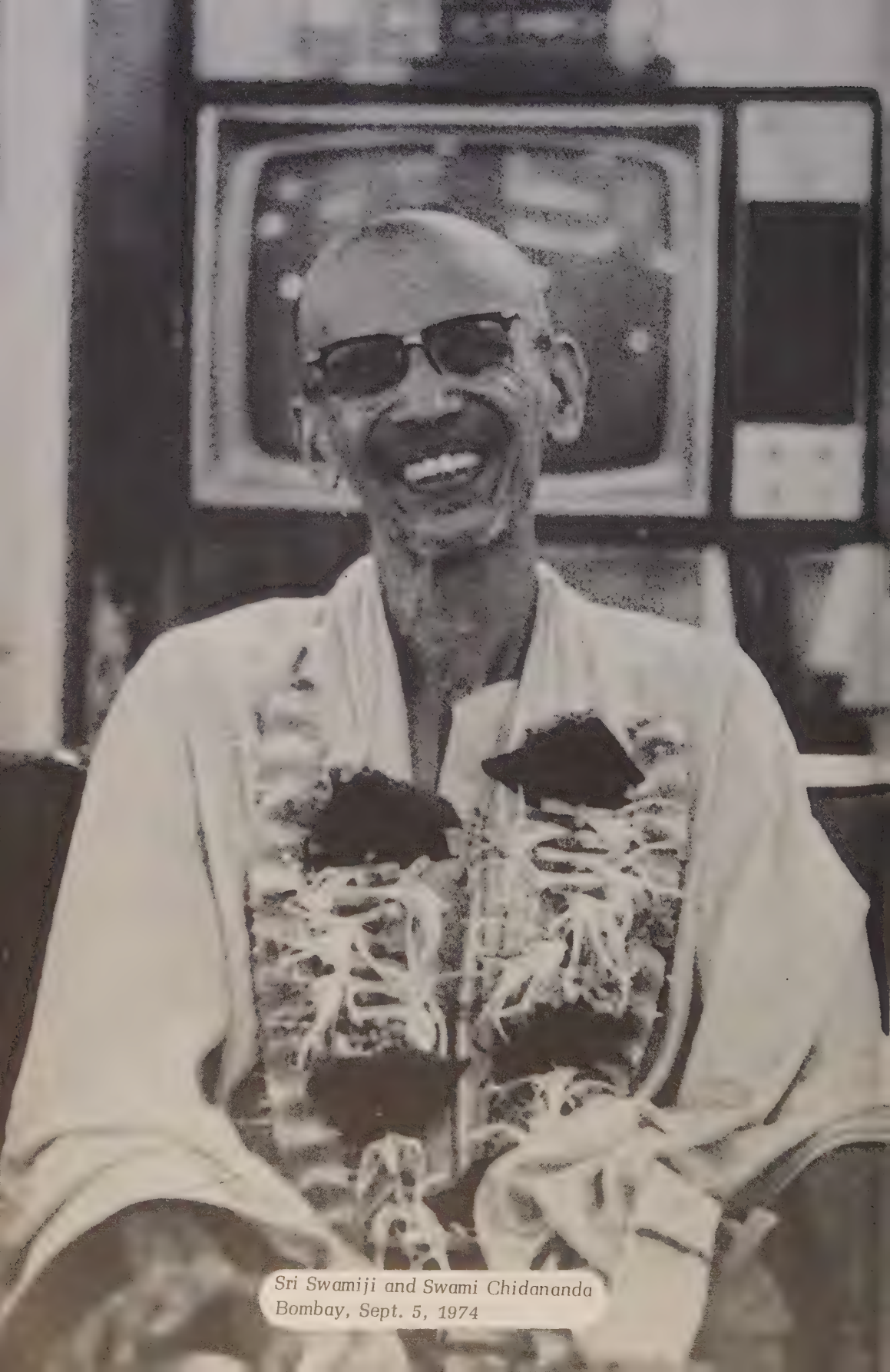
I also used to feel very anxious depending on whether I was far or near Swamiji. I depended very much on his physical presence, calling this dependence 'de-

votion.' I no longer feel anxious. I don't have to be in any given place to love and revere the essence of him. I am surrounded by his children and all of Creation, who are the essence of Him who is the essence of me. Consequently, I am beginning to taste the sweetness of true devotion. This is the way Swamiji has pointed out to me, as he said in that very first interview. My goal is to be reinstated to the rank of a human being as God created us to be, in His image and likeness, integrated, whole, simple and pure. Humanity and the rest of Creation is therefore the God that I bow to, worship and revere. A living truth experienced every moment of the day. The living God we have for so long forsaken, to be found and experienced here and now, in ourselves and in each other.

(Just before printing this issue, after the article above was completed, the following was added.)

As the learning process proceeds, inside of Swamiji's orbit, Spirit seems to have decided to move the waters of my life until every ripple is resolved (I hope!) in that longed-for integration, and my humanity is completed. Outside of all conscious planning, it happened that I was recently united, by Swamiji, in Holy Matrimony with a most inspiring and pure soul. I am now carrying in my womb the fruit of this blessed union. I am tasting the richness of God's bounty, for THE LORD IS, indeed, MY SHEPHERD. I SHALL NOT WANT. HE MAKETH ME TO LIE DOWN IN GREEN PASTURES. HE LEADETH ME BESIDE THE STILL WATERS. HE RESTORETH MY SOUL. And so it is, that under Swamiji's wing, I am being shown how to walk the road of LIFE. I am slowly following step by step. My gratitude has no limits because he is doing everything he can, and will continue to do so. Just as he promised.

Amma



Sri Swamiji and Swami Chidananda
Bombay, Sept. 5, 1974



news of SWAMIJI

चिड़ित तठि न्दिया

On September 1, Swamiji departed for a three-month visit to India and Sri Lanka (Ceylon). A month before, however, he made a whirlwind tour of the West and North West. On July 31, he arrived in southern Oregon, as the guest of Maxine MacMullen and family, and the following evening he gave a talk at Southern Oregon College to an overflow audience. The following day, he flew to Seattle, with a two-hour stopover in Portland, where devotees transformed the airport waiting room into a garden of flowers and fruits. In Mercer Island, just outside of Seattle, Swamiji was the guest of Jean and Wes Bolliger, parents of Sister Bala. A group of 400 attended Swamiji's lecture at the Scottish Rite Temple, arranged by long-time devotees, Siva and Padma Wick.

Then, on August 6, Swamiji flew to Spokane to speak at Expo '74. Later that evening Swamiji met his uncle and dear friend, Mr. R. Krishnaswamy Gounder, who had just arrived for his first visit to America. In his talk at Expo and at the Ananda Marga Ashram in Spokane on August 7, Swamiji emphasized the importance of harmony — among men, between man and his environment, and within himself, where it all begins.



Swamiji and Mr. R. Krishnaswamy Gounder.

On the eighth of August, Swamiji and his uncle arrived in San Francisco and toured the city with the IYI family. The next day the two flew a small plane to Santa Cruz with Mr. and Mrs. Hansen of San Jose, where they had lunch. Afterward, they went on to Los Angeles, staying at the home of Carole (Karuna) King. Again, they toured the city, with the help of the family and of Ishwara and Brahmi Cowan of Santa Barbara. Finally, they returned by plane to Satchidananda Ashram in Connecticut, to prepare for Swamiji's visit to India and Sri Lanka.

In the next two weeks at the Ashram, there was much business to be done before departing. But besides the final preparations, there was a simple and surprise wedding in the temple one afternoon, as Swamiji joined two members of the family, Amma and Arjuna, in holy matrimony. And the same day, Swamiji greeted M. and Mme. Paquette of France, who expressed their desire to affiliate their Yoga center in Nimes as an Integral Yoga Institute.

Then, on the first of September, Swamiji departed for India, accompanied by his uncle and by three of his disciples: Gurupriya, Tyagan, and Dhiryan. The group would be visiting many places throughout India and Sri Lanka, including Chettipalayam, the place of Swamiji's birth and boyhood, and Satchidananda Thapovanam, the ashram in Sri Lanka which Swamiji headed before coming to America. The first ten days of the visit, though, were spent in Bombay, and we would like to share with you a few excerpts from Gurupriya's journal for that time, which she sent us.

Sept. 1. So begins the pilgrimage: we wave goodbye to 50 Satchidananda children



A Hatha Yoga class at Kennedy Airport.

after Swamiji has conducted an impromptu Hatha class in the middle of Kennedy airport (while waiting for the flight, which was delayed), and two policemen with big smiles ask me where they can take Yoga lessons.

Sept.2. We change to a beautiful Air India plane in London. So beautiful Swamiji has us photograph the inside. Pictures of Krishna all over the walls of the plane.

Sept.3. We lose almost a whole night, arriving in Bombay at 7:30 in the morning (11 o'clock in the evening New York time). Bombay is hot and crowded, but Swamiji charms all the officials and we glide through crowds and red tape with no trouble. The customs officer grins and says how lucky I am to have had his Darshan as he stamps us quickly through. Sohini, Swamiji's first disciple, and the essence of sweetness, greets Swamiji with roses and total joy. She brings us to her house for lunch, where we will be staying for the first few days.

Sept.4. We visit with Mr. P.M.N. Swamy, a very old friend of Swamiji and editor of 'The Call Divine', a Vedanta magazine. Also present are Mr. Parameshwaran,



Satsang at Kennedy Airport.

whose wife had just died, and Mr. Sunil Damania. Mr. Damania loans Swamiji a tape recorder with a Bhajan (a song to God) which Swamiji softly translates, his eyes glowing at us; 'Have compassion. Have compassion on me. Am I not your child? Are you not my father?' That is the way Sohini is.



Swamiji with Mr. Swamy and his family.

Sept.5. Ah India! Up is down (in light switches), no is yes (in nodding the head), left is right (in driving the car), men wear short skirts and women do not. We see Swami Chidananda (the President of the Divine Life Society and beloved brother



Swamiji with Sridar, the two-year-old son of Jatin and Nalani Bhabhalia.

monk of Swamiji) briefly at the Bombay airport. This is the first visit for him and Swamiji in two years. Later we shop for new clothes for all of us. Swamiji among the fabrics, drinking mango juice from a soda bottle (it's called Mangola). How wonderful it is. Swamiji: 'Yes, when man goes, it's really delicious.'

Sept.6. Days stretch out, sunny days winging through horn-honking streets of Bombay — streets covered with people, cows, bicycles, all manner of items being carried on the head, such variety of dress and color, sounds, smells. The contrasts! You have to be in it to understand. Nothing in America is like it. Yet behind the flow of colors is peacefulness, an ease.

Jatin and Nalani are relatives of Sohini Mehta, and devotees of Swamiji, and they serve us all unbelievably. They are so filled with graceful love; they exemplify so much the extraordinary Indian treatment of guests. Again and again, people pour forth their kindness.

Sept.7. Our first temple visit. Maha Momba

Devi. There are two Devis, in two temples. The Maha (Great) Devi is the goddess of misfortune, to be worshipped first; the other Devi is the goddess of fortune. Bombay was named after Momba Devi (though the British got it a little wrong), and the people of Bombay feel that by praying to her they keep her propitiated. Probably they are right, as Bombay is the most prosperous of India's cities.

Bhajan at the home of Mrs. Pami Vazirani. Many friends of Mrs. Vazirani listen to Swamiji and ask questions of us three.

Sept.8. Sivananda Jayanthi. Our host is Mr. Sakaram Rao. We celebrate the Jayanthi with a Puja and a small talk by Swamiji at the Divine Life Society here in Bombay.

Sept.9. Today we receive a telegram from the Ashram for Sivananda's Jayanthi. How happy Swamiji is!

Sept.10. We visit Mr. Suresh, the man who makes the small pendants with Swamiji's picture that the IYIs sell, at his

enamel studio. Swamiji wants to see each step of the process. He is so filled with love, he has such total concentration. I can't even take it in. So often I bleep right over things. But he wants to see the raw materials, to hold them, to know exactly what goes on. And he is that way with everything.

Sept.12. We arrive in Ganeshpuri, the ashram of Swami Muktananda, a disciple of Swami Vidyananda, a saint whom Swamiji knew long ago before Vidyananda passed away. We were greeted with a lunch of mango pulp, coconut juice and papaya. Also, different kinds of sweets that Swamiji does not eat but I do. How careful he is.

Sept.13. Goodbye to Bombay. City of crowds everywhere. City of grass huts next to skyscrapers. An experience you can't put into words. The intensity is too great. We say goodbye to Pami and others in the Harilelas' apartment. More goodbyes at the airport to Jatin, Nalani, Sohini, Sridar, Suresh, Tushar. We are on our way to New Delhi.

One result of the visit to Bombay is that there will probably soon be an Integral Yoga Institute there. After the stay in Bombay, Swamiji visited many other places and cities, and we will describe these visits in the next issue. But we would like to share with you now a couple of highlights of the visit to Chettipalayam, a village just outside of Coimbatore, South India. It is here that Swamiji was born sixty years ago.

The visit took place in October. Swamiji was invited to speak at the Kongunadu Arts and Science College in Coimbatore. The staff and council and principal of the college prepared a welcome address for the occasion and it was distributed to everyone there. It was read with true feeling at the beginning of the program, and then presented to Swamiji printed on gold paper, in a gold frame. Because

it really gives the whole mood of that totally inspiring evening, we would like to share a few excerpts from it here.

'This day is specially significant for us...for this blissful day showers on us the Blessings of a Divine Spirit of the age....Blessed and happy are we to have thy Holy Self amidst us....

'Thou, Sivananda's Disciple, carry the Mission from the snow-covered Himalayas to the foam-covered Cape. The Divine Life further spreads from Spiritual East to Industrial West. Swami Vivekananda's vision about the spiritual need of the West, thou witness and fulfill now....

'Thou, Embodiment of Strength and Service! have won a place of pride in many a heart by thy selfless and ceaseless service to the humanity....Thy teachings on Universal Brotherhood, Love, Equality and Nobility have an everlasting impression in the minds of many millions.

'....Thou art a Hatha Yogi who controls the physique, a Raja Yogi in controlling the mind, a Jnana Yogi in conquering the wisdom, a Karma Yogi who worships the Karma. Above all, thou lead the life thy profess.

'....It is our great fortune to assemble in thy Holy Presence....We surrender ourselves at the Lotus Feet...and beseech his everlasting blessings and love.'

Finally, there is wonderful news regarding the house of Swamiji's birth and boyhood in Chettipalayam. It was decided by Swamiji, his family members and other devotees that the house would be converted into a hospital. The hope is that it will be equipped with X-ray and other equipment which is very rare there, and so will provide a much-needed service to the people of Chettipalayam and surrounding villages. The inauguration was on November 21, and the new hospital opened the next day. This is a great work being done by dedicated people, and because it is a service to so many, we would like all of you to share in it.

GURU & DISCIPLE

on death and illness

Sri Swamiji has many devotees around the world, with whom he is in touch. Sometimes they correspond with him, and sometimes the occasion for correspondence is a painful and difficult situation, a situation both personal and universal, such as illness and death. The following is part of that correspondence, and we hope in printing it that others will find help in its compassion and wisdom.

...K. is ill and the doctors tell me she is dying of cancer...My mind remains troubled and preoccupied with illness and death. I need your clarity and K. needs your prayers. Or then would I feel that whatever trials K. undergoes are the way of God, and not my subjective ego.

BM, London, ENGLAND

...I understand your pain and the trouble your mind is going through and I am glad you reached out to me because I am here to serve you.

Stop torturing yourself thinking about your ego, thus giving it an importance it simply does not have. Your ego, whether subtle or obvious, is totally powerless when confronted with the Will of God. There is nothing you can do but to give in to that Will and accept the fact that it will take over whether you like it or not. Trust in that Will because it is actually out God's perfect Plan. Love that Will because it is motivated by God's perfect Love. Allow yourself to be used by that Will because it will then make you see the true meaning of suffering and will show the face of true death which does not take place in the body at all.

We are part of this Universe and as such we follow in our lives the cycles of ebb and flow that you see everywhere, like in the phases of the moon and the tides of the sea. All comes and goes constantly, yet it is all eternally there. Try to relax and expand, dear son, and allow this ebb and flow to take place in your life without creating any resistance within yourself. It is the resistance that hurts. When things must go, so they must. Surrender them off in gratitude and in peace. Everything that happens to you is a message written specially for your benefit by the generous hand of Nature. Try to read the messages. I am sure you will.

K is not dying. She is only going further on in life. I am carrying her in my heart and there she is kept in great comfort and peace. Please tell her this and ask her to think about it often and to feel it. She has nothing to worry about, come what may. It is all fine.

And as for you, my son, I want you to use these days to bring strength, cheerfulness and comfort to her and all around you. You can do it because you have the understanding. I want you to do it for me, in my name, as my channel.

I am with you always.

Sri Swami Satchidananda

The following letters are part of a correspondence extending over the period of a year.

You examined the health problem of my son, R., suffering from asthma and allergy. You indicated specific Yoga exercises to him which he executes daily and once a week under the direction of Mr. and Mrs. L.

You said: 'Your son will recover his health.' During ten years, his illness was my main problem, a struggle of day and night. All hopes were destroyed one after the other. But your words are certitude. I believe you.

This certitude is one of the greatest events of my life.

'God bless you' were your last words to him and they are always vibrating in us...

By this letter I want to thank you. According to your previsions, a change is already operating in his health. He was in contact with your perfection which now continues to send its healing rays into his heart, into his body. You are a source of light which transforms, creates order, heals body and soul.

M.F. Villemomble, France

Your letter poured divine light into our hearts. All you say is transparent: God is immediately behind.

I received it in a morning when I was very sad. Imagine the change operating in me when I saw your envelope addressed to R. Together we read your words, your words which only a genius might describe! Nevertheless, I exactly feel their height. They come from another level where all is purity and light – they are words and not words, being of another essence. They are light which heals. In this light we live intensely...

Before going to bed, when R. has said his prayers, we speak of you, and with your words: 'Beloved Child R.' he falls asleep. Often, in the morning, I find him still in the same position, his sleep was so deep and sound; you protected him all the night. You opened the child's heart to the freedom of superior life.

M.F. Villemomble, France

Every day and everywhere a peaceful feeling of indescribable joy is in our hearts since R. and I know that you will come.

We thank you for the last year, so rich, so full of Grace. Under your protection, not only the physical health of R. is strengthened, but also his mind, his heart. When he is pronouncing your name in his evening prayer, he is entirely within your spiritual sphere. In these moments, peace is in my heart.

Beethoven said: 'Who really understands my music, never will be entirely unhappy.'

Since I have seen your transcendent smile embracing the whole universe with love, I am nevermore entirely unhappy. Sadness disappears under the mighty rays of this vision.

M.F. Villemomble, France



One night after meditation a few months ago I went downstairs to the basement of Yoga Villa, the main building of the Ashram. I was looking for a screwdriver to fix the lamp in my room. As I walked into the dark hallway, I was hit by a staggering smell – spicy, cooked-food odors were invading my nostrils. What's going on in the basement at this hour? Slowly, I followed my nose. I passed the laundry room, and the emergency power closet, into the dark shadows next to the water tank – and there I found a door marked THE BAKERY.

I listened at the door and heard strange clinking sounds. My curiosity got the better of me – I thought, this is more exciting than finding the screwdriver – and so I lightly tapped on the door and tried the knob.

The door swung open into a cheerfully lit kitchen and there was Brother Dhaman dressed in a clean white apron and puffy chef's hat, busily preparing food.

'What's cooking, Dhaman?'

'We're making Baba Burgers tonight.'

'Baba Burgers?'

'Yes. Would you like a sample – just to tell me if it needs something else?'

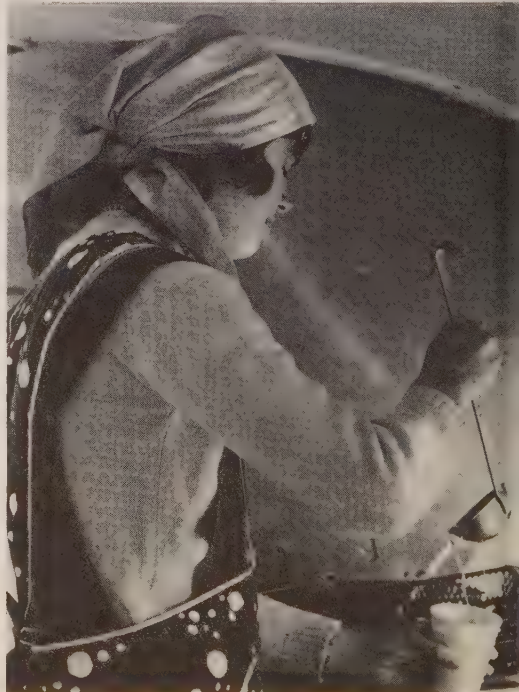
'Well, okay, just a little taste.'

And that was how I became introduced to Ganesh's Wholesome Cookery, one of the Ashram's first cottage industries.

Ganesh (named after the cheerful, elephant-headed Hindu god who is the

remover of obstacles) is an old school bus that has been painted orange with bright blue trim. Inside, it has been outfitted with a refrigerator, steam table, and deep fryer (for the great felaful on home-made pita bread that is a best seller). In the evening Brother Dhaman prepares food for the following day, and in the morning he packs up the food and goes to the University of Connecticut at Storrs, where Ganesh is parked throughout the week.

The Ashram has a permit for Ganesh to



be open on the campus, and every weekday between 10 and 2 Ganesh serves people very special vegetarian lunches. Besides the Baba Burgers and fefafel, Ganesh offers fruit salads, grilled cheese sandwiches on home-made bread, carob cake, banana bread, and apple juice. Now that it is winter there are special hot soups each day, and also curries, upma, papadams and dal (all delicious Indian dishes).

All different types of people come to Ganesh – the undergraduate and graduate students at the University, the faculty and the administration, and even some people who live nearby and have heard the school's radio station broadcasting a little jingle advertising Ganesh. ('The food at Ganesh's is fine/ You may even declare it – Divine/ Not too heavy or light/ The taste is just right/ And the price will bring peace to your mind.')

Due perhaps to the auspiciousness of its name, Ganesh has been a very successful enterprise. But greater credit is due to the hard work of Brother Dhaman, who ran Ganesh for several months by himself. Then, business became so good, and the work became so great, that he took on a couple of helpers from the Ashram family. Sister Maji serves food five days a week, and also helps a little in the preparation of the food (she also wrote and sang the jingle for the ad).

Ingredients:

1 cup millet
 ½ cup lentils
 ¼ cup rice
 ¼ cup chopped onion
 ½ cup shredded carrot
 1/3 cup finely chopped celery
 1/3 tbsp garlic



Photo: Saraswati

And during the day, while Dhaman and Maji serve the food from Ganesh, Sister Janaki is at home making the next day's fare, baking breads and preparing soups. Ganesh can now expand its operations still further, offering Baba Burgers and other items for sale in local health food stores. Who knows? Perhaps some day there will be a fleet of baby elephants traveling across the country, bringing Baba Burgers to everyone.

Until that day, perhaps you would like to try some Baba Burgers at home (as do we; I'm not the only one to have found my way to the basement late at night). So here is how Brother Dhaman prepares them:

1/3 cup Safflower oil
 ½ cup toasted wheat gem
 1/3 cup bread crumbs
 1/3 cup sunflower seeds
 pinch of rosemary, marjoram,
 caraway seed, celery seed,
 cayenne
 salt (to taste)

. Cook millet and lentils together in three cups water.

. At the same time, cook rice separately in ½ cup water.

. While they are cooking, chop and prepare vegetables.

. Saute vegetables in enough oil to cover bottom of pan, first adding spices.

. When millet and lentils and rice are done, combine with vegetables. Add oil.

. Add wheat gem, bread crumbs and sunflower seeds; salt to taste.

. Make flat patties and fry in a little oil until brown. You can sprinkle a little grated cheese on top, and serve on whole wheat bread.



THE COLUMBIA FAMILY

In the countryside surrounding Columbia, Missouri; most of the human energy output is related directly to farming as a way of life. It is in this rural environment that members of Integral Yoga Group are developing a life-style based on harmony with nature. The heart of Missouri is an auspicious

location for developing a self-sufficient way of life built on the principles which Swamiji is teaching us from day to day. We are blessed with the opportunity to develop spiritually through Karma Yoga, selfless service and relating to people and surroundings that constantly help us remember who we really are.

Near the Missouri River, in the bottom-land, Swamiji's devotees raise a one-acre organic garden which includes celery, peanuts and soybeans as well as all the more commonly grown vegetables. Sorghum cane is being grown here also, and cultivation and pressing chores are accomplished with the help of a dedicated Missouri mule. The green juice will later be cooked down into a dark sweet syrup known as Om Shanthi Sorghum 'lasses.

A householder couple and their two children live in a small valley a few minutes drive from Columbia. From their home they market Hari Om Produce. This organically grown produce comes from a one acre garden in which half a dozen of Swamiji's devotees have unselfishly given their energies. A small herd of gentle milch goats is also managed on this farm. The animals all have lessons to teach us. Not surprisingly, they seem always to reinforce and remind us of the lessons given



by our own beloved Gurudev.

Five miles south of Columbia, two brothers maintain an apiary of 14 beehives. Patience and equanimity of mind as taught by Swamiji is an important thing to remember when handling 50,000 bees. A 500 pound harvest was truly a blessing and is being sold locally as Hari Om Honey.

Here in the city of Columbia, a full schedule of Hatha and Raja Yoga classes is being offered. And each month, on Sunday, family members gather from in and around Columbia for Kirtan and a yogic supper.



But Karma Yogis in the rural areas are working to focus their energies toward one common center, with a village life-style. We hope that a yogic farm community founded on the principles taught us by Swami Satchidananda and motivated by the spirit of selfless service to the entire humanity will soon be realized.

So much skill and creative energy is available to us here. Those with experience in the cottage industry skills of ceramics, photography and graphics have offered their service. As the focus on a particular location becomes clearer and the dim Om grows brighter, many Karma

Yoga projects will be developed to their fullest potential: fruit and nut orchards; berry and grape arbors; energy generated by wind, methane and solar power; greenhouse construction and management; and forestry management (especially Black Walnut). These, as well as the previously mentioned skills, will all be developed to their yogic highest and the knowledge and practice shared with all who desire it.

May Peace Be Unto All.

Om Shanthi, Shanthi, Shanthi.

Story by Eric Gies

WHAT WE'RE DOING

In most issues we print the news of the major IYI centers around the country. We thought it would be of interest in this issue to pass on the news that we've gotten from some of our newer and smaller centers – as well as some news of special interest.

SPOKANE

Last spring, Brother Dhanapathi, who had been a member of our family here at Satchidananda Ashram, left to go back to his home in Los Angeles. However, towards the end of this past summer, we received the following letter from him:

Dear Brothers and Sisters,

Around May 1, when I was traveling through Spokane, I had the opportunity to give a lecture-demonstration at the local Yoga center. Immediately following this lecture, many, many people, young and old alike, came to me and asked me to stay in Spokane and to teach. After contemplating this offer, I still felt I had to return to L.A., and so I left.

Upon arriving in L.A., though, I received many letters and phone calls from people who were interested in an IYI and waiting for a teacher. The next thing I knew I was on my way back to Spokane – to meet with Swamiji during his visit there. And what should he do but instruct me to stay and to teach Integral Yoga.

After deciding to stay in Spokane, Brother Dhanapathi was the guest of a couple, Mr. and Mrs. Hodges, who have been of great help to him in getting set up. He now has his own place, where he is teaching classes, and recently he wrote us again:

We now have regular Satsangs on Sunday evenings. Tuesdays we have a Hatha Yoga class downtown in a place called Second City, where a large group

of various spiritual people have set up shops. They have stepped forward and asked us to teach Hatha there free of charge. Every Wednesday night is Kirtan. On Thursdays there will eventually be a Hatha class. Friday we study the Bhagavad Gita. And Saturday morning, Hatha Yoga is taught here at my apartment.

There is a family of seven that hitchhikes forty miles regularly for the Hatha class. If only I had that kind of dedication. They really love Swamiji.

We average 10-15 at the Hatha classes and 5-10 for Kirtan and the other classes. So far I haven't done much advertising; it is mostly by word of mouth. Many new brothers and sisters are showing up each day.

There doesn't seem to be any words to describe the marvellous things that are happening here. May God guide and direct all of us into greater service.

Your Brother,
Dhanapathi

SAN DIEGO

The San Diego community is growing. We had a wonderful visit in September with Brother Gandhi and some of the angels of Los Angeles IYI. The Cowans gave a nice picnic in the park and we then retired to see Swamiji's asana film and some beautiful slides from Brother Natchiketan. Everyone inspired us to get a home for more events.

Since then, we have located a beautiful wood-framed house near the heart of the city. Classes are being offered

within the Institute as well as various community centers and schools. Sandhya Gouger, with previous experience from the Dallas IYI, is providing much-needed assistance with the teaching. We have been truly blessed to receive much enthusiasm and involvement from all levels of the community. The areas of service seem boundless, as they do everywhere. May we serve peacefully and lovingly.

NEW JERSEY

This month we thought we'd introduce our President and Vice President of the Institute to you. Barbara and Alfred Turco, now Bhavani and Bharatan, have known Swamiji since he first talked to gatherings in a small room in the Unitarian Church in New York. They have been with the N.J. IYI for five years. Bharatan was President for two years, and Bhavani Vice President. Then they switched offices and for two years now Bhavani has been President and Bharatan Vice President.



They have a baby girl, Bala, sixteen months. She is so healthy and uninhibited. Pure joy, pure grief, pure want — each second her face and body movements change. To watch her is to gaze at the

very heart of energy itself. Firmly and patiently, Bhavani constantly surrenders to that energy that is her child. When her attention is diverted once in a while, Bharatan picks up the task of parental guide. And is just as gentle and patient!

Bharatan's parents own the loft which is our teaching center, and they rent to us at a very low price. Constantly expressing their concern for us, they make us feel that they're our parents too.

Bharatan has a natural foods store in Paterson, and Bhavani stays home in West Milford with the 'whirlwind.' Once a month, when the executive board meets we see them in action. As President & Vice President and parents, simultaneously and together, they are quietly remarkable. And beautiful Yogis.

KANSAS CITY

Sushila Peterson lives and teaches Integral Yoga in Kansas City. Here are some excerpts from a recent letter:

This seems to be an especially busy period for everyone. Sundaram (from the Columbia IYGL), Charlotte Desroches (from St. Louis) and I just completed a successful retreat in the Ozarks for around 35 people. Our teacher trainees also provided a great deal of assistance in leading meditations, Karma Yoga projects, and in sharing their impressions of a yogic life-style. The schedule balanced out very well.

As far as my regular classes are concerned, I seem to have several long waiting lists for Hatha and Raja Yoga. Also, a few people have approached me with ideas to offer their homes for an additional teaching center, to catch the overflow and expand to our proper proportions. And the prison where I teach never seems to tire and always asks for more. So in the near future, I am considering beginning a tape library of Swamiji's lectures for the interested students. Needs are really growing.



YOGIC OFFICE NURSE NEEDED IN SAN ANTONIO. Regular family practice office routines, plus someone who can do or will learn lab, ECG, x-ray and massage. Kindly send resume. F.K. Peterson, Jr., M.D. 7342 Oak Manor Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78229.

Taking the form of Satchidananda,
Perfection in action to show us the way;
His birth is fulfilling the plan of creation,
Our own liberation began on that day.

Happy jayanthi Beloved Gurudev
from your San Francisco children

DETROIT

The pulse of life within our group is strong and healthy. We are encouraged by new faces and the inspiration they bring. At the same time, others who have served us for many months and years are partially retiring to family responsibilities. Two couples, Jayadevas and Kamaladevi, and also Krishnadas and Leela, have moved to new homes and can look forward to blessed new lives in their families within the next few months. Jayadevas will remain as Head of Teachers, though he will no longer be our Executive Secretary, and we will miss the fine instruction of Krishnadas, who has been teaching both Hatha and Raja Yoga.

But besides our five regular teachers (Jayadevas, Charles, Ed, Raghudas and Dhanapathi), we have three new trainees (Bruce, Chuck, and Gary) and a former teacher (Genny) will be returning soon after a refresher course and a long honeymoon.

Although a policeman ran through a Hatha Yoga class and out the back door the evening before this writing, the atmosphere is generally satwic and calm enough to be a refuge from city life. In the midst of this divine drama (or comedy), we often lack the perspective to see the ultimate harmony, but at the same time we feel the warmth of Swamiji's radiant love and are growing to be a true family.

Our love to all of you.

DANBURY

Swamiji has often talked of the coming spiritual growth in America. We in Danbury are fortunate to be witnessing that spiritual awakening. The beautiful teachings of Yoga, with their invigorating and peaceful effects, are now finding their way into every vein of Danbury life.

Family Days, to which all are invited, are especially high days for us. Each

month we offer a variety of speakers, movies and programs. Several brothers from the Federal Correctional Institute have received permission to attend the gatherings, and they bring with them a special joy to share with all.

More and more of our brothers at the FCI are experiencing the benefits of Yoga in their lives. Classes have expanded from 1 to 3 days per week, so that all interested may participate.

Since Krishna has been busy with the expanded prison program and with completing personal studies, Jaga Janani from L.A. has assumed the directorship of the Danbury group.

At the time this issue of the magazine is published, we will be celebrating our first birthday. Jai Gurudev.

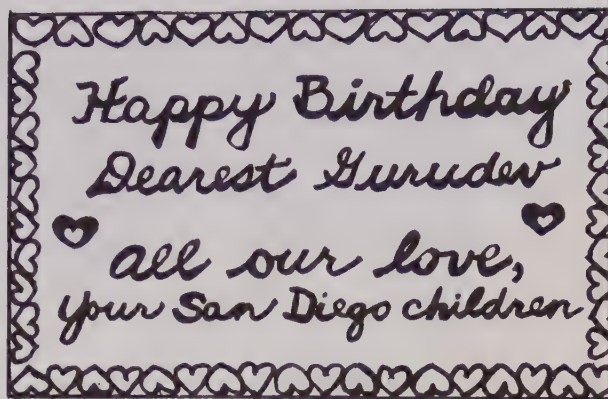
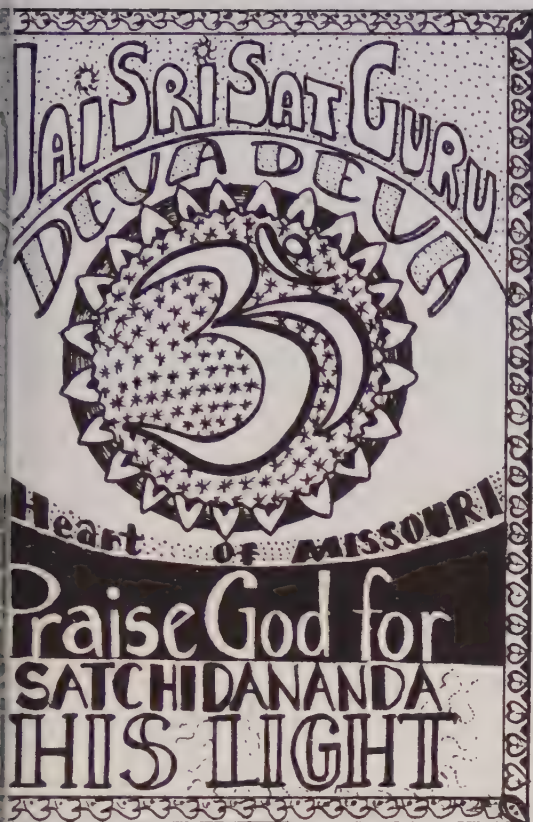
DALLAS

In our last issue, Sister Shankari wrote to us about her work in the Ft. Worth prison. Bringing us up to date, she writes:

We are now officially on the education staff of the Ft. Worth Federal Correctional Institute. A five day a week course entitled "High Ways" is being offered, and is taught by FCI residents 3 days and an IYI teacher 2 days a week. Many of the residents who began the Yoga class a year ago will soon be leaving FCI. We will miss them. But know that they are going out with Swamiji's strength and blessings. Some are hoping to arrange lectures for Swamiji in their home towns and begin teaching classes. So Gurudev's message is forever spreading....

She also writes about the challenge of living together as an IYI family;

It seems that regularity and moderation are the greatest austerities for us here. But through His grace we are ever growing in love, even sometimes in spite of ourselves. Jai Gurudev.



Our joy,

Our peace,

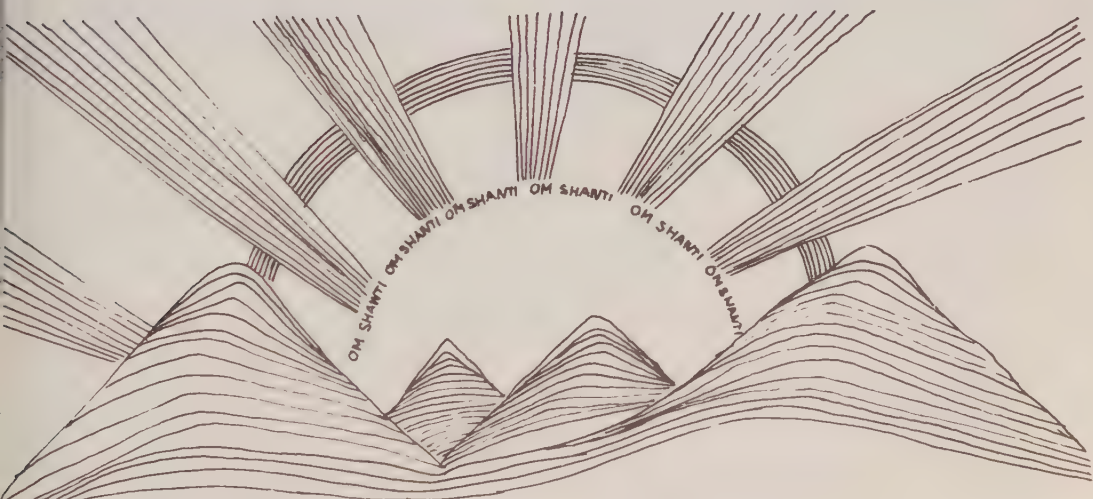
Our happiness,

Our oneness with the Lord.

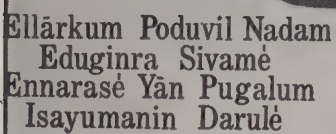
All these things are now possible
Because you have shown us the way.

Happy Jayanthi, Swamiji

From your children in Detroit



To the Blessed One,
who have opened the Peace in our lives;
happy 60th Jayanthi, your Colorado devotees



Ellārkum Poduvil Nadam
Eduginra Sivamē
Ennarasē Yān Pugalum
Isayumanin Darulē

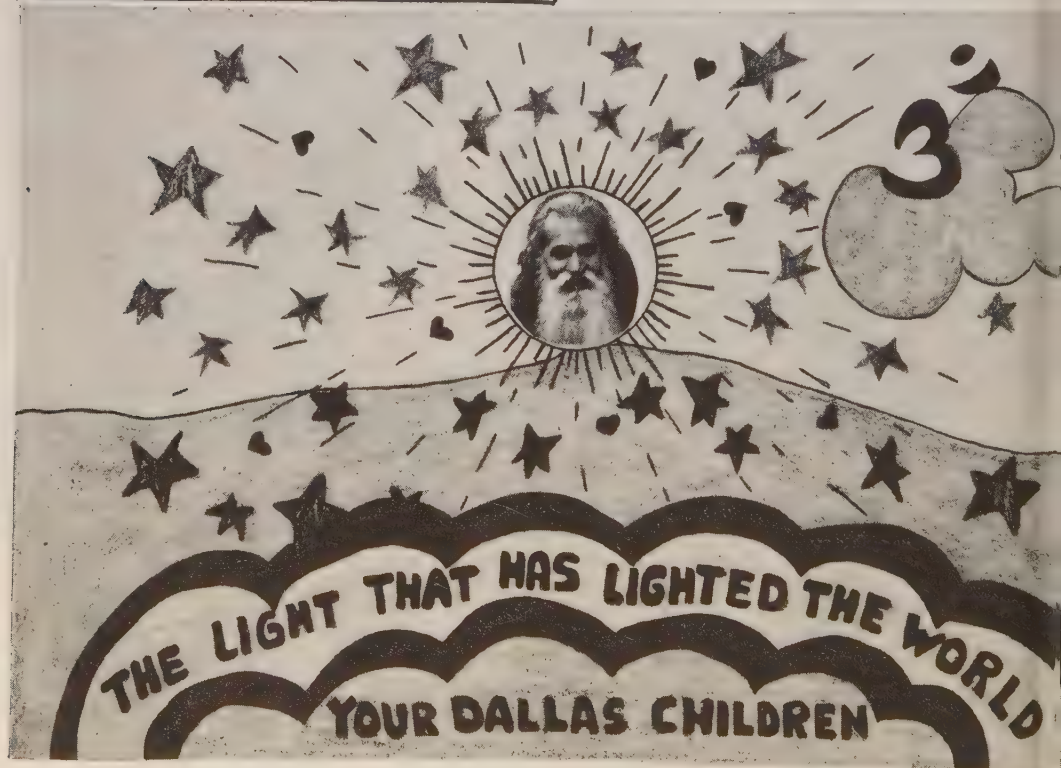
Happy Jayanthi
Beloved Gurudev
Satchidananda Ashram Family

Beloved Papa,
May your teachings lie behind all
that we do. Always.



Happy Jayanthi!

Your children
from New Jersey
and New York.



The family of the Food Chakra and the Center for Spiritual Studies humbly extends their love and appreciation to a blessed teacher.



Happy 60th Jayanthi, Swami Satchidananda!

happy jayanthi



love, your los angeles family



Blessed Jayanthi Gurudev
Your Boston Integral Yoga Group

from your Mount Real family...



for this is the message
that we heard from
the beginning...
that we should
love one another

I John 3:11

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LETTER TO OUR READERS

Dear Friends,

Satchidananda Ashram-Yogaville has been here for less than two years. But during this time we have made great progress toward becoming a self-sufficient spiritual community. This past summer we completed construction of Sri Swamiji's home. And to support our community, we have cultivated our own one-acre organic garden, which now provides us with most of our food. In addition, we have several cottage industries, of which one is our Ashram Press.

The purpose of the Press is to publish the teachings of Sri Swamiji, not only through the magazine, but also through attractive yet inexpensive booklets and eventually through books. As such, the Press is not only our largest but perhaps our most important industry. Swamiji has reminded us many times that he can reach relatively few people through his talks; that – as in the case of his own master, Swami Sivananda – it is through the printed word that so many will be reached.

OUR NEED. In the past year we have worked hard to improve the quality of the magazine. In addition, the first of the booklets of Swamiji's teachings (*Satsang on the Beatitudes*) has been published. And we are ready to publish more. But to do so we need your help. The Press has been working with limited and second-hand equipment. While it is in working order, it is difficult to obtain the quality and quantity that is desirable.

OUR GOAL. For the Press to operate effectively, we need the following: A larger press (23 by 29 inches) for full-color printing (this is the workhorse of the printing trade and would cost us \$4500). We would need a folder for the larger press (\$2500); a gangstitcher (\$3500), which would enable us to collate and stitch in one day what it now takes us three weeks to do by hand; and a perfect binder (\$1500). In addition, we need a reliable camera, which would cost another \$2500. This comes to a total of \$15,000, which Swamiji has approved as the goal of our fund-raising efforts.

HOW YOU CAN HELP. Any contribution you could make would go toward the support of Yogaville. And in particular, if you designated the amount to go toward funding the Ashram Press, it would go directly toward the purchase of the equipment listed, and thereby directly toward the furthering of Swamiji's teachings. As we are a non-profit organization, your contribution would be tax deductible. And needless to say, any contribution, large or small, would be appreciated.

This is a time of great need and great opportunity. There is a need for the dissemination of spiritual teachings. Probably there are millions of people whose lives could be touched in this way, especially by teachings as universal as Swamiji's. And there is an opportunity, as we now have a printing industry and a community dedicated to furthering those teachings.

We know that this community is supported in turn by a larger community; by all those, wherever they live, who believe in Swamiji's teachings, and who wish to help in furthering them. In this sense, the Ashram and the Press belong to all of us. Those of us who live at the Ashram and work at the Press merely hold it in trust for this larger community.

It is in this spirit that we ask you join with us. To do so, please just write to us directly, here at Satchidananda Ashram-Yogaville.

May the whole world be filled with peace and joy.

Om shanthi shanthi shanthi



Mr. Suresh and Mr. Suresh (in the foreground). In the background, the Momba Devi Temple.

